

## MILES AND TEARS.

When you stand and smile,  
You are all a woman wise,  
With a woman's wit and will,  
With a woman's mouth and eyes.

Then I love you as my own,  
Calm and level eyed, serene,  
With a passion sober grown,  
As my lady and my queen.

Ah, but dearest, when you weep,  
All the woman and the years  
Slip away and go to sleep,  
And the child wakes up in tears.

Then, sweetheart, I see but this:  
Just a small, bright head to feel  
'Neath my cheek, my child to kiss  
With a little heart to heal.

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

## How Littlepage Took Care of Her.

Littlepage was a typical southern gentleman. A young man, he belonged to the old school. His family was one of the few in Alabama which were wealthy after the war had closed. He had been brought up in the good old way. He had a quick temper, a ready revolver and what most people would say was an exaggerated idea of courtesy and chivalry to women. He went through college and then through a technical school, coming out with a degree as electrical engineer. Then he came north to take a position with a large manufacturing corporation. Within a few months he had made many warm friends who admired him both for his ability and for his courtly manners.

Finally he was ordered by his company to go east to look over an electrical invention which they were thinking about buying. The train left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He was delayed in reaching the station, and it was within a few minutes of train time when he clambered on the rear end of the sleeping car. As he mounted the steps a man opened the car door and came out. It was Larsen, a young lawyer, with whom he was well acquainted in a business way.

"Why, hello, Littlepage," said the lawyer. "Where are you going?"

"New York," said Littlepage.

"Great luck," Larsen answered. "Just got time to go back and introduce you to my wife. She's called to New York by her mother's illness. I couldn't go with her, and I've been worried about letting her make the trip alone. I know you'll be glad to look out for her and see that she gets through all right."

"It will be a great pleasure to me," said Littlepage, with one of his best bows.

Mrs. Larsen was a pretty woman. After Littlepage had been presented her husband had just time to get off the car before the train started. Littlepage sat down in the seat with her and soon found that she was as pleasant and entertaining as she was good looking. It was really a great piece of luck for him. It promised to make a tiresome trip rather pleasant than otherwise. Mrs. Larsen had often heard her husband speak of him. He was from Alabama? He had fought a duel or two? Was it true that he had actually shot a man? Did he always carry a revolver?

Littlepage tried to explain his delicate ideas of honor and the proper way to protect it. She seemed to be half afraid of him, and as Littlepage was a young man that did not detract from her charm.

Half way across the state, at a little way station, a fat man with a big black mustache and a huge diamond stud got on the car and sat down across the aisle in a seat where he could stare Mrs. Larsen full in the face. At the first glance Littlepage disliked him. He looked impertinent. His appearance put Littlepage almost into a rage. He had an insolent stare, and it seemed that he could hardly keep his eyes off pretty Mrs. Larsen. Half a dozen times Littlepage glanced up only to catch his bold, black eyes staring across the aisle. He wondered if Mrs. Larsen had noticed it. Finally he spoke to her.

"That man across the aisle is looking at you in an impertinent way," he said. "If you'll allow me, I'll go over and make him stop it."

Mrs. Larsen begged that he would do nothing of the kind. She had not noticed that he was staring at her. At any rate, she was sure there was no occasion to make a scene.

Littlepage assured her that he was not in the habit of making scenes which could be embarrassing to women. When he spoke to impertinent people, they obeyed him without making any loud objections. That was one reason why a gentleman should always carry a revolver.

Presently the fat man got up and went out into the dining car. A few minutes later Littlepage asked Mrs. Larsen if she was ready to dine. She explained that she had eaten luncheon just before taking the train and did not care for dinner. So Littlepage went into the dining car by himself. He debated whether he should accost the fat man and hold him to account for his impertinence, but finally concluded that he would hardly be justified under the circumstances.

While Littlepage was drinking his coffee the fat man got up and walked out of the dining car into the sleeper. Ten minutes later Littlepage followed.

As he stepped into the sleeper he stooped suddenly as if paralyzed by what he saw. Up at the other end of the car, where he had left Mrs. Larsen, she was still sitting, and in the seat with her was the fat man. Littlepage looked at a second to decide on a plan of action. The impertinent wretch had evidently taken advantage of his absence to go over and sit down by Mrs. Larsen. She was

only waiting for him to return and relieve her of the man. Whatever he did must be done quietly and without making a scene of any kind. He took his revolver from his hip pocket and put it in the side pocket of his coat. Then he walked as quietly as possible up the aisle.

Just as he reached them Mrs. Larsen looked up. Littlepage recognized an appealing look in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Littlepage!" she cried in an excited tone. All Littlepage's hot southern blood was on fire in a moment. He drew out his revolver and put the end of it under the fat man's nose.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Larsen," he said at the same moment. "I'll take care of him."

Mrs. Larsen glanced at the revolver and promptly fainted away. The fat man turned a ghastly gray shade and attempted to remonstrate.

"Don't say a word to me," whispered Littlepage in a low voice. "Come right along with me. If you open your mouth, I'll blow your head off."

In perfect silence and without attracting the attention of anybody in the almost empty car Littlepage led his captive to the vestibule at the nearest end of the car. There, still keeping silence, he opened the door leading to the steps and pushed the fat man down on the lowest step.

"Now jump," said Littlepage. It happened that the train was slowing up for a crossing, and the fat man had comparatively little difficulty in getting off. He landed on his feet, rolled over once or twice and finally got up again before the train got out of sight.

Then Littlepage went back to the aid of beauty in distress. She was still lying back in a dead faint. With the assistance of the conductor the distracted Littlepage finally succeeded in bringing her back to her senses. She looked up at Littlepage and shuddered.

"Did you kill Cousin George?" were the first words she said.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Littlepage.

"I saw you draw your revolver on him just before I fainted," she explained. "I hadn't seen him before for ten years. He thought he recognized me when he first came into the car, and that was why he looked at me so closely. When he came back from the dining car, he got a good look at me and made up his mind that he could not be mistaken. So he stopped and asked if I was not Angie Matthews. That was my maiden name, and of course I knew he must be somebody who knew me. I explained, and he told me his name. He is my cousin, George Elliot. What did you do with him?"

"He got off the train a few miles down the road," Littlepage stammered. "Why, he told me he was going through to New York. I believe you shot him and threw his body off the car."

"No," said Littlepage; "he got off without making any explanation. If you're worried about him, I'll get off at the next station and see what's the matter. I guess perhaps I'd better do that anyway."—Chicago Tribune.

## Observed by a Street Car Conductor.

"There are lots of things about women that can't be explained, and in our business we can't help noticing them," said the communicative conductor. "For instance, nine women out of ten will invariably take a seat on the right hand side of a car if the car is not crowded. I have often wondered at this, and at last I think I have the correct solution. I started out from the barn with an empty car the other day, and in five blocks I had picked up seven women, and they all sat in a row on the right hand side of the car. It was just about the hour in the morning when the women come down town to do their shopping. Three men got on, and they sat on the left hand side.

"A couple of blocks farther down I picked up another woman, and, instead of taking a vacant seat near the door on the side the other women were sitting, as I thought she would do, she walked the entire length of the car and sat down beside one of the men. This bit of eccentricity puzzled me until I discovered that she was left handed. See? All the other women were right handed. Yes, it does look like rain, doesn't it?"—Philadelphia Record.

## Thomas Lincoln's Story.

Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, was a great story teller, and one yarn that he never tired of rehearsing was a blood curdling Indian tale. One day, when he was about 7 or 8 years old and living in Kentucky, he was sitting on a fence, watching his father and older brothers at work in the field. Without a moment's warning a small band of Indians came rushing by on horseback. One of them with a sweep of his long arm seized the lad and galloped off. Little Tommy Lincoln looked up into the red warrior's face and said: "Don't kill me! Take me a prisoner!"

The Indian smiled. Just then a rifle cracked. Indian and boy tumbled off the horse, the Indian dead, with a bullet in his brain. Tommy Lincoln's brother had come to the rescue.

## Making Ends Meet.

What different gent move those nearest of kin!

I possess a penchant for literature, while Clifford, my brother, pretends to a talent for carpentering.

At the time when I am refashioning an ancient epigram he may be sharpening up an old saw.

Though our father would prefer that Cliff had selected a more exalted profession, he takes comfort in the knowledge that through divergent callings the family is able to make both ends meet.—New York Sun.

## A Fire is Always Possible

and may destroy, in an instant, papers and articles of great value. There are always things about your office or at home the destruction of which would cause you much annoyance and loss.

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## SEWER BIDS.

BOROUGH OF GLEN RIDGE.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Borough Council of the Borough of Glen Ridge for the construction of an eight-inch earthen pipe sewer in the following street in the Borough of Glen Ridge: Baldwin Street, from Essex Avenue to Clinton Road; said sewer shall be constructed under the direction of the Committee of the Council on Sewers and the Borough Engineer.

All bids must be made on blanks furnished by the Borough Clerk or Engineer, and said bids must be accompanied by a certified check for five per cent. of the cost of the work bid for. Plans, profiles and specifications may be seen at the office of the Borough Clerk at Glen Ridge and at the office of F. W. Crane, Borough Engineer, in the Crane Building, Montclair. The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

All bids must be delivered to the Borough Clerk at eight (8) o'clock P. M. on the 30th day of April, 1904, at the Council room in the Fire House on Herman Street, Glen Ridge, N. J. CLARENCE PLACE, Borough Clerk.

(Chancery A-27.)  
SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey. Between The Bloomfield Savings Institution, complainant, and Lawrence E. Blake et al., defendants. Pl. in, for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the court house in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of May next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey.

Beginning in the westerly line of Glenwood Avenue at a point therein distant northerly twenty-five and one-hundredths feet from the corner formed by the intersection of the said westerly line of Glenwood Avenue with the northerly line of Llewellyn Avenue; thence (1) southerly along the westerly line of Glenwood Avenue twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to the northerly line of Llewellyn Avenue; thence (2) westerly along the northerly line of said Avenue one hundred feet; thence (3) northerly and parallel with the first course twenty-five feet; thence (4) easterly one hundred and forty-three hundredths feet to Glenwood Avenue, west line and place of beginning. Being lot number one on a map of the People's Park. Newark, N. J., April 19, 1904.  
WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.  
Edward Oakes, Sol'r. (90-90)

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Lot 2—Women's and Misses' Eton Suits in fine quality of cheviot or Venetian black and navy skirts, flare or knee-kilt effect Eton. Prettily fashioned with fancy black braids, perfectly tailored and finished in up-to-date manner, all sizes to choose from; regular 11.50 to 13.50, reduced to..... 7.50

Washable Dresses for Girls—Sizes 4 to 14, our special leader at 95c. Sailor Blouses and Fancy Dresses, in fine percales and chambrays, full range of colors, good 1.50 value, special for..... 95c

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5.50, 7.98, 8.98 and 9.98.

Two Big Specials—In Children's Coats, Misses' and Children's Box Coats. They are cut reefer style, in panne, cheviot and broadcloths, with emblems on sleeves, value 5.98 to 6.98..... 4.50

Little Fats' Coats—Made in Venetian and plain cloth with cape effects, and trimmed with fancy braid, value 5.98 to 6.98..... 3.98

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